

Title: The Lady of Shallot

Author:

On either side the river
lie
Long fields of barley and
of rye,
That clothe the wold and
meet the sky;
And thro' the field the
road runs by

To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the
people go,
Gazing where the lilies
blow
Round an island there
below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens
quiver,
Little breezes dusk and
shiver
Through the wave that
runs for ever
By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.
Four grey walls, and four
grey towers,
Overlook a space of
flowers,
And the silent isle
imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow
veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges
trail'd
By slow horses; and
unhail'd
The shallop flitteth

silken-sail'd
Skimming down to
Camelot:

But who hath seen her
wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen
her stand?
Or is she known in all

the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping
early,
In among the bearded
barley
Hear a song that echoes

cheerly
From the river winding
clearly;
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the
reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands
airy,
Listening, whispers, " 'Tis
the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

There she weaves by
night and day
A magic web with colours
gay.
She has heard a whisper
say,
A curse is on her if she
stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the
curse may be,
And so she weaveth
steadily,
And little other care
hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a
mirror clear
That hangs before her all
the year,
Shadows of the world
appear.
There she sees the
highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy
whirls,
And there the surly
village churls,
And the red cloaks of

market girls
Pass onward from
Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of
damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling
pad,
Sometimes a curly
shepherd lad,
Or long-hair'd page in
crimson clad
Goes by to tower'd
Camelot;
And sometimes through
the mirror blue
The knights come riding
two and two.
She hath no loyal Knight
and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still
delights
To weave the mirror's
magic sights,
For often through the
silent nights
A funeral, with plumes
and lights
And music, went to
Camelot;
Or when the Moon was
overhead,
Came two young lovers
lately wed.
"I am half sick of
shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

A bow-shot from her
bower-eaves,
He rode between the
barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling
thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the
brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for
ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the
yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd
free,

Like to some branch of
stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang
merrily
As he rode down to
Camelot:
And from his blazon'd
baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle
hung,
And as he rode his armor
rung
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded
weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the
saddle-leather,
The helmet and the
helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning
flame together,
As he rode down to
Camelot.
As often thro' the purple
night,
Below the starry clusters
bright,
Some bearded meteor,
burning bright,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in
sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his
war-horse trode;
From underneath his
helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on
he rode,
As he rode down to
Camelot.
From the bank and from
the river
He flashed into the
crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she
left the loom,
She made three paces
through the room,
She saw the water-lily
bloom,
She saw the helmet and
the plume,

She look'd down to
Camelot.
Out flew the web and
floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from
side to side;
"The curse is come upon
me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

In the stormy east-wind
straining,
The pale yellow woods
were waning,
The broad stream in his
banks complaining.
Heavily the low sky
raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found
a boat
Beneath a willow left
afloat,
And around about the
prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim
expanse
Like some bold seer in a
trance,
Seeing all his own
mischance --
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the
day
She loosed the chain, and
down she lay;
The broad stream bore
her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy
white
That loosely flew to left
and right --
The leaves upon her
falling light --
Thro' the noises of the
night,
She floated down to
Camelot:
And as the boat-head
wound along
The willowy hills and
fields among,
They heard her singing

her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful,
holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted
lowly,
Till her blood was frozen
slowly,
And her eyes were
darkened wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd
Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon
the tide
The first house by the
water-side,
Singing in her song she
died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and
gallery,
A gleaming shape she
floated by,
Dead-pale between the
houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they
came,
Knight and Burgher, Lord
and Dame,
And around the prow they
read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? And what is
here?
And in the lighted palace
near
Died the sound of royal
cheer;
And they crossed
themselves for fear,
All the Knights at
Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a
little space
He said, "She has a lovely
face;
God in his mercy lend her
grace,
The Lady of Shalott."